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Sir Humphrey Davy.

A MAN WHO SOUGHT KNOWLEDGE AND FOUND IT.

Just three-quarters of a century ago, on May 29, 1829, there died one of the greatest of the early scientific chemists, Sir Humphrey Davy.

These chemists differed from their predecessors, the alchemists, in that, like Solomon, they made knowledge their first object. The alchemists spent their lives searching for the secrets of everlasting youth and infinite wealth, and accomplished almost nothing. But because the scientists put knowledge before wealth and long life, the world has reaped from their labors a very considerable addition to the average length of life, and wealth beyond the dreams of the alchemists.

Humphrey Davy was born in a village in Cornwall, in the modest house shown in the picture, in the year 1778. His parents could not afford to give him a very good education, and he was apprenticed to a druggist at the age of seventeen.

To a boy of his enquiring disposition, the drug store was a happy hunting ground. Davy was an enthusiastic and skilful fisherman both then and later (he found time, thirty years afterward, to write a book on salmon fishing), but knowledge always had the first place in his affections.

He had only been with the druggist three years when he made a remarkable discovery. He found that when nitrate of ammonia was heated, it gave off a gas that made anybody that breathed it insensible to pain. Up to that time people who had to undergo surgical operations had just to take the pain as it came, but now, merely by smelling a gas, they could to a certain extent at least escape it.

We, who are accustomed to such superior anaesthetics as ether and chloroform, can hardly realize how wonderful such a discovery seemed a hundred years ago. Davy called his discovery 'laughing gas,' and the same preparation, under the same name, is often administered for such minor operations as pulling out teeth.

At the age of twenty-three, Davy was appointed a lecturer in the Royal Institute of London, and was able to devote more time to experiments. In the next few years he succeeded, by using powerful electric batteries, in breaking up the alkalies and alkaline earths, potash, soda, lime and magnesia, into oxygen, hydrogen, and the curious metals potassium, sodium, calcium and magnesium.

The only one of these metals that has come into common use is magnesium, which supplies photographers with their flash lights. Sodium was formerly used for making aluminium, but has been done away with by the electric process. It is coming into use again, however, as an ingredient of sodium peroxide, a chemical used for such various purposes as bleaching cotton and supplying air to divers. Potassium, which lights and burns with a blue flame when thrown into water, and the yellow metal calcium are among the vast number of things that Science keeps in its attic, so to speak; not in use at present, but available at any time.

For these discoveries, Davy was knighted in 1812.

The great invention of Sir Humphrey Davy's life, and the one which will perpetuate his name as long as men go underground to look for coal, is the Davy safety lamp. The terrible losses of life by explosions in coal mines attracted his attention, and he set about to find a remedy.

Finding that flame would not go through a fine wire netting, unless the netting was red hot, he constructed a lamp with wire cloth all round it. The explosive mine gases would, of course, go through the netting, but they could only burn harmlessly inside the gauze, without setting fire to the gas outside the lamp.

The value of this invention was at once recognized, and Davy was made a baronet. Two years later, in 1820, he was elected to the acknowledged headship of the scientific world—the presidency of the Royal Society.

After his death, in 1829, the statue and monument shown in the picture were raised to his memory, in his native town.

The Three Bidders.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

(TRACT.)

Will you listen, kind friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold;
A marvellous tale, of a wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old:
How hand and heart, at an auction mart,
And soul and body, she sold.

'Twas in the broad king's highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood, though of noble blood,
Telling the fallen and low
Of a Saviour's love and a home above,
And a peace that they all might know.

All crowded round to listen;
And they wept at the wondr'ous love
That could wash their sin and receive them in
His spotless mansions above;
While slow, through the crowd, a lady proud
Her gilded chariot drove.

'Make room,' cried the haughty outrider,
'You are closing the king's highway;
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;
Give way there, good people, I pray.'
The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, 'Nay.'

His eye like the lightning flashes;
His voice like a trumpet rings—
'Your grand fete-days, and fashions and ways
Are all but perishing things.
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings.'

Then—bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall—
'And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole—her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels, and all?

"I see already three bidders—
The World steps up at first:
"I will give her my treasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance through each day, more joyous and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst."

But out speaks the Devil boldly—
"The kingdoms of earth are mine,
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,
On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul, and I'll give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth, to be thine."

'And pray, what hast thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows, unknown?
And He gently says, "My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for mine own.
To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,
I trod the wine-press alone.

'I will give her my cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrow to share;
But with endless love, in my home above,
All shall be righted there;
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,
And a radiant crown shall wear."

'Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,
That each hath offered for thee,
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,
This life, or the life to be?
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady! which of the three?'

Nearer the stand of the preacher
The gilded chariot stole,
And each head was bowed, as over the crowd
The thundering accents roll;
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

'Pardon, good people,' she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way,
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each head was bare, as the lady fair
Knelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hands the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
'Lord Jesus,' she said as she bowed her head,
'The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou gav'st for my sake Thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now.

'I know the world and her pleasures,
At best they but weary and cloy;
And the Tempter is bold, but his honors and gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Lord, I accept it with joy!

'Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss,
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dross!
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross.'

'Amen!' said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone
Around that altar who bowed.
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in an endless song,
The wond'rous story repeat;
And a form more fair, is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So, now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord;
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

Copies of this poem can be had from Alfred Holness, 14 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

As Ye Have Opportunity.

(Lettice A. King, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'One morning,' said the cripple, 'as I was a-sitting in this chair, I began to grumble at the Lord. I had been hearing about a lot of work as other Christians was a-doing in the vineyard, so there I sat, a-grumbling at the dear hand.

'Them words was in my mind, "He that watereth shall be watered," and I said to the Lord, "If I could only go out and mingle with men, I could water and be watered, but here you keep me in this chair. You could give me the use of my limbs, then I might do something."

'Then he said to me quite gently, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good."

'"Yes, Lord," ' I says.

('Yes, Lord!' Ah, that was the keynote of this man's life.)

'It wasn't ten minutes,' he continued, 'before a lady came in.

'"Mr. H.——," she says, "I want to have a talk with you. I am in a difficulty," she says, "and I can't see my way clear."

'So she sat down, and we talked a couple of hours, and the dear Lord just showed me how to help her.

'Do you keep looking up to him while you are talking to anyone? I always do, that he may give me the words.

'When she got up to go, "Oh, I'm so glad I came," she says.

'Next morning a man came along, a pedler. His arm was in a sling.

'"What's the matter with your arm?" I says.

'He ripped out an oath.

'"I've broken it," he says, "and the thing won't get well."

'"What did you say when you broke your arm?"

Uncle Dan leaned forward and looked very deliberately at an imaginary man.

'"I said God d—— it."

'"Oh, you did, did you? Well, God heard your prayer!" Uncle Dan spoke quietly.

'"Prayer?" he says. "Call that a prayer?"

'"Yes," I says; "most certainly it was a prayer."

'"Well, I didn't mean it for a prayer," he says; "I'm not one of your praying people."

'"Now," I says, "If you'd said, 'God bless my arm, and forgive my sins,' that 'ud have been a better prayer."

'He sat down then, and I talked with him.

'Presently he asked if I would pray.

'"Certainly I will," I says; "come right in here," and I wheeled my chair into the bedroom. He knelt down and I prayed.

'"Now," I says, "you pray."

'"I can't." Uncle Dan's tone expressed a kind of helpless sullenness. "Never said a prayer in my life."

'"You prayed when you broke your arm," I says.

'"That warn't a prayer," he says.

'"Yes it was; now make a better one."

'He burst right out a-crying. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" he says.

'And with that he got up, and cleared out.

'Next morning he come in.

'"Good morning," says he; "I can say a better prayer than yesterday's!"

'"What's that?"

'"I can say, Praise the Lord! I went home yesterday," he says, and sat down, and thought of my sins, and what a miserable man I was; and I confessed it all to the Lord, and asked him to pardon me and make a better man of me.

'"Yes, I made it right with the Lord," he says; "and I never was so happy in all my life as I was this day!"

'I saw him last week,' added Uncle Dan, 'and he was a-keeping right on.

'Now, see how the dear Lord taught me a lesson? I never want to grumble again. If he wants me right here in this chair, well, it's right here I want to be.'

How Job Helped a Chinese Boy.

A Christian lady of Oakland, says the 'Congregationalist,' furnishes the following illustrations that have come to me of the grace of God bestowed abundantly on Chinese believers for service in the kitchen:

'Leu Yen worked in my family for nine years, and, though he was always a good servant, there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

'As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry on Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed; and that meant a long, steady day's work.

'"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation; and the answer came readily and quick: "All right. Job helped me very much yesterday."

'"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

'"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

'"Yesterday I have big wash; very heavy quilt, too; and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up; then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again. Then I feel so mad, feel like I swear; then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over. He never swear; he praise God. Then I also praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Toby's Mice.

It was a good many years ago that I was the youthful telegraph operator in the night yardmaster's office at the terminus of one of the great railways.

Mr. Toby was the night yardmaster's name, and he had worked for the railway company since he was a little boy; and once when he was coupling some cars, his arm was caught between the bumpers and crushed so badly that the doctors had to cut it off. Then the railway company made him night yardmaster —a very responsible but not very laborious position.

Mr. Toby had been on duty every night for a great many years when I came to do his telegraphing for him, and never was a man more faithful or more highly esteemed by his associates than the old one-armed yardmaster.

Mr. Toby was a very kind and tender-hearted man. I remember one night when some of the men opened a freight car they found a poor, starved kitten, which had been locked in at Baltimore, and had come all the way through without anything to eat or drink for ten days and nights. Poor Tabby! She was terribly poor and thin, and so weak that she could hardly stand alone; and who was it but Mr. Toby that walked away home, about a mile distant, and brought a bottle of milk to feed and warm kitty, after he had fixed up a nice bed of cotton 'waste' for her back of the stove, and then nursed her back to health day by day, or rather night by night, and adopted her?

But it was about Mr. Toby's mice I was going to tell you. The yardmaster's office was a not very gorgeous place; and about all there was in it, besides a chair, a clock, a stove, and bulletin board, was an old table in one corner where Mr. Toby sat and wrote, or sat and ate his midnight lunch, or just sat and did nothing. Away back in the corner was a little hole on a level with the table, and there lived three little mice; and sometimes, after Mr. Toby had eaten his lunch, they would creep out cautiously on the top of the table and gather up the crumbs, and by and by, after they must have seen what a kind, gentle man the old yardmaster was, they would venture out a little way while he was eating, pick up little morsels which he would put close to the hole for them, and then scamper back, until finally the little creatures became so brave that they would come out every night and help the old man eat his lunch, and allow him to handle them without exhibiting the least sign of fear.

It was funny to see the three, bright-eyed little fellows sitting on the table in a row, waiting patiently for the old man to throw them their share of the lunch in small instalments.

He taught them a number of little tricks, and named them Shem, Ham and Japhet, although I never thought they answered to their names very readily. It was only when Mr. Toby was alone that his little pets seemed very tame; and it was only by our sitting in a farther corner and keeping very quiet that he was able to entice them out to perform for our benefit.

One night I carried up an order from the train-despatcher to the yardmaster, which read as follows:

Despatcher's Office, 11.22 p.m.—Toby Sd. Hold No. 60 for orders. 12 H.G.B.

No. 60 was a through freight which left at midnight or shortly after, and the despatcher wished to run a special as far as he could, and to inform No. 60 at the last moment at what station to wait until it passed. Mr. Toby signed the order, and I went back into my own little office.

The engine had not yet come from the round house, the train was not quite made up, and the conductor's car was still in the passenger yard, half a mile away, so the old yardmaster sat down by the table to wait.

It had been a hard day for him. His little daughter had been sick, and all day, when night-workers rest, he had not closed his eyes in sleep, and the old man was almost worn out. It was warm and quiet in the little office. Only the solemn ticking of the big regulator on the wall broke the stillness. The old man laid his head upon his arm on the table to rest it a little, it ached so. He felt so very drowsy. He shook himself and looked at the regulator.

No. 60 would not be ready in thirty minutes. There was no hurry.

He laid his head on the table again, and almost in a second he had dropped asleep.

The solemn regulator ticked off a minute, ten minutes, twenty minutes, and still the old yardmaster slumbered on. The engine from the round-house clanged noisily by. He must waken now; but he only stirs uneasily, and does not rouse.

No. 60 has the right of way; and the conductor, ready to go promptly on schedule time, comes up to the platform, sees through the window the old man's bowed head, smiles good-naturedly, tucks his train report under the door, and goes away to his caboose without disturbing him.

It is 11.58. In two short minutes the heavy train, if not warned, will rush away; and a terrible disaster must certainly ensue. But the old yardmaster does not move.

Suddenly there is an impatient little squeak in the corner, and tiny Shem pokes his nervous little nose out of the hole in the wall. It is supper time, and their landlord seems to be a little negligent. Shem and Ham creep stealthily out upon the table to reconnoitre. There is not a single crumb anywhere. It is really shameful. Japhet joins his brothers. Still Mr. Toby makes no move. The three hungry little creatures put their noses together for consultation.

Would it not be advisable to give their kind master a little hint?

They creep noiselessly up to the bowed gray head, Shem and Ham on the right side, and Japhet on the left. By rising on his haunches, Japhet can just reach the tip of the old man's ear. Shem and Ham take stations close by his nose and chin, and at a signal from Japhet they each gave a quick nip with their sharp little teeth.

The old man moves. Three little tails fairly snap as they disappear in the hole at the corner of the table. The yardmaster raises his head and yawns. His mind is a little hazy. What are those freight cars moving slowly by the window?

He yawns again. There is a piece of paper under his hand. He picks it up mechanically—

Hold No. 60—

With a wild shout the old yardmaster seizes his lantern, throws open the door, and bounds out upon the platform. The caboose is just drawing slowly by. He shouts and waves his lantern frantically. The conductor sees him. Other lanterns are waved. There is a shriek from the engine, and the long train comes to a standstill.

'The despatcher has some orders for you,' was all that Mr. Toby said; and after I had received and delivered the warning messages, and the train had gone, I found the old man in his office alone, crying like a child.

And then he told the story I have told you; but no one besides Mr. Toby and myself, excepting, perhaps, Shem, Ham and Japhet, ever knew how near the old yardmaster came to fatally neglecting his duty—'Drake's Magazine.'

Charlie Rutherford's Pluck.

There had been a few nights of keen frost, and Cherry-tree Dam had been frozen over for the last three days. It was the only skating-place within miles of Minstead, and all the boys were talking of skating, and hoping the frost would continue a little longer, so that the ice on the dam would be safe.

Charlie Rutherford was as eager as any of them, and made ready his skates. But he was greatly disappointed when his father forbade him to go upon the ice at Cherry-tree Dam for another day or two. Charlie told him that all the boys said it would be quite safe, but his father said it was a dangerous place, and he was not to venture until the ice was thicker.

So Charlie left his skates at home when he went out. But he could not keep away from Cherry-tree Dam; he wanted to see if anyone was skating upon it. When he got there he saw quite a number of boys upon it, and they were enjoying themselves very much.

One or two of his friends shouted to him to come on, and when he did not do so they came to ask him why it was. He told them at first that he had not brought his skates. They said that it was quite safe, and that there had been some grown-up men upon it.

They wanted him to come on the ice and slide, and they begged so much that he was forced to tell them at last that his father had forbidden him to do so.

This only made them laugh, and one of them, Peter Morris, said Charlie was afraid, and that it was sneaking of him to tell them he was coming and then break his word like that because he thought it was dangerous.

Charlie went away a short distance into the fields and found a little sheet of ice where he amused himself with sliding all alone. He could hear the rattling of the skates upon the dam and the shouts and laughter of his companions, and he thought it was very hard that his father should have forbidden him to join them in their sport. A thaw might set in at any time, and then the chance would be gone.

Suddenly he heard shouts of alarm and cries for help coming from the direction of the dam. He ran towards it as quickly as he possibly could. A hole had been broken in the middle of the ice near the dam, and he saw one of his companions, Ferguson, in the water, holding on to the edge of the broken ice. The other boys were on the banks, frightened almost out of their wits and wondering what to do.

'Run for help, some of you!' said Charlie.

He had read stories of people being rescued from the water in cases like this by means of ropes and ladders. He looked round to see if there was either a rope or a ladder at hand, but there was not. He saw, however, that the wooden rails which protected the mill-race were rotting and breaking away from the posts, so he broke one off, and told his companions to break off some more.

Taking the rail in his hands, he ran down to the ice and walked upon it towards Alan Ferguson. By-and-by he heard the ice creaking under his feet, and then he dropped upon his hands and knees.

Pushing the rail before him, and keeping his hands upon it, he worked his way slowly to the hole, and pushed the rail across it, quite

close to Alan's hands. He saw Alan grasp it, and he told him to hold on for a few minutes.

Then he crept gently back on his hands and knees to the bank for another rail, which he took to the hole in the same way. He placed it under his chest as he lay down flat upon the ice, and, reaching out his hands, he helped Alan to lift himself upon the rail which he was grasping.

Pushing the rails before them, in case the ice broke again, they crawled slowly back. The other boys had now recovered from their fright, and, joining hands upon the ice, they came to meet them.

As soon as they could reach the hands of Alan and Charlie, they all ran hand in hand, like a rope of boys, to the bank, and drew them in safety off the ice, just as Mr. Ferguson and some other gentlemen were coming to their help.

They made Alan run all the way home, to restore the circulation of his blood, and to prevent him taking cold. There they put him to bed, and next day he was no worse for his adventure.—'Child's Companion.'

Penuriousness.

There is hardly one of the unpleasant traits that grows upon a man more insidiously, or fastens itself upon him more firmly, than that of penuriousness. A fine old gentleman, who lived and died in one of the pleasant old towns of Essex County, Massachusetts, once astonished one of his nieces, a widow with a large family, by sending her a sum of money, which was a great help to her, and which it must have cost him a sacrifice to give.

In answer to the grateful letter of thanks which the recipient sent, Uncle Darius wrote, 'I must confess to you that as I grow older I find my natural stinginess increasing. So I make it a rule to force myself to give, until I feel that it is a sacrifice. But, my dear niece, it is not so hard to give to you as it is to some others.'

Of a very different temper was a lawyer who once lived in Northern New York. He had made a fortune, not by his practice at the bar, but by letting out money at usurious rates of interest.

His habits as a money-lender clung to him after he had become a rich man, and had gained a standing in the community. One day a friend, meeting him a few miles from home, borrowed a dollar, which he happened to need. An hour or two after they had returned home, the friend said:

'Mr. ——, here is the dollar you kindly lent me. How much shall I pay you for its use?'

'Sixpence will be about right,' was the answer, and from that day he was known as 'Sixpenny ——.'

A merchant in Calcutta, noted for his great wealth and niggardliness, is the hero of a story illustrative of the power of a mean, covetous disposition.

'Coming out of church one day,' says the author of 'Our New Zealand Cousins,' 'a merry wag, seeing the rupee for the plate ostentatiously held between the finger and thumb of the merchant, and wishing to test him, whispened to him, "I say, S——, can ye lend me a rupee for the plate?"

'"Ou aye," readily responded S——. Then second thoughts having intervened, he muttered, "It's a' richt! I'll pit it in for ye."

'He did so, but the wag, watching him, saw that he only put in one rupee, instead of the two. The next day he sent his servant to receive payment for the rupee which he had pretended to drop into the plate.'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Bit of Brightness.

(Mary J. Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It not only rained, but it poured; so the brightness was certainly not in the sky. It was Sunday, too and that fact, so Phoebe thought, added to the gloominess of the storm. For Phoebe had left behind her the years in which she had been young and strong, and in which she had no need to regard the weather. Now if she went out in the rain she was sure to suffer from rheumatism afterwards, so, of course, a day like this made her a prisoner in the house. Then she had not very much to occupy her. She and her husband, Gardener Jim, lived so simply that it was small matter to prepare and clear away their meals, and, that being attended to, what was there for her to do?

Phoebe had never been much of a scholar, and reading even the coarse-print Bible seemed to try her eyes. Knitting Sunday was not to be thought of, and there was nobody passing by to be watched and criticized. Altogether Phoebe considered it a very dreary day.

As for Gardiner Jim, he had his pipe to comfort him. All the same he heaved a sigh now and then, as if to say, 'O dear! I wish things were not quite so dull.'

In the big house near by lived Jim's employer, Mr. Stevens. There matters were livelier. There were living five healthy, happy children, whose mother scarcely knew the meaning of the word quiet. When it drew near two o'clock in the afternoon they were all of them begging to be allowed to go to Sunday-school.

'You'll let me go, won't you, ma?' cried Jessie, the oldest, and Tommy and Nellie and Johnny and even baby Clara echoed the petition. Mrs. Stevens thought the thing over and decided that Jessie and Tommy might go. For the others, she would have Sunday-school at home.

'Be sure to put on your high rubbers and your water-proofs and take umbrellas.' These were the mother's instructions as the two left the family sitting-room. A few moments after Jessie looked in again. 'Well, you are wrapped up!' exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, 'I don't think the storm can hurt you.' 'Neither do I, ma, and O! I forgot to ask you before, may we just stop at Gardiner Jim's on the way home?'

'Yes, if you'll be careful not to make any trouble for him and Phoebe, and will come home before supper-time.'

Tommy, who was standing behind Jessie in the door-way, suppressed the 'Hurrah!' that rose to his lips. He remembered that it was Sunday and that his mother would not approve of his making a great noise on the holy day.

He and Jessie had quite a hard tramp to the little chapel in which the school was held. The gravelled side-walks were covered with that uncomfortable mixture of snow and water known as slush, which beside being wet was cold and slippery, so that walking was no easy thing. Yet what did that matter after they had reached the school?

Their teachers were there, and so was the superintendent, and so were nearly half of the scholars. Theirs was a wide-awake school, you see, and it did not close on account of the weather.

Each of the girls in Jessie's class was asked to recite a verse that she had chosen through the week.

'To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'

The teacher talked a little about it, and Jessie thought it over on her way to Gardiner Jim's. The result was that she said to her brother:

'Tommy, you know mother said we must not trouble Jim and Phoebe.'

'Yes, I know it, but I don't think we will, do you?'

'No, I'm sure they'll be glad to see us, but I was thinking we might do something to make them very glad. Suppose that while we are in there, I read to them from the Bible, and then we sing to them two or three hymns.'

'What a queer girl you are, Jess! Anybody would think that you were a minister going to hold church in the cottage. But I'm agreed, if you want to; I like singing, anyway. It seems to let off a little of the "go" in a fellow.'

By this time they had reached the cottage, and if they had been a prince and princess—supposing that such titled personages were living in these United States—they could not have had a warmer welcome. Gardiner Jim opened the door in such haste that he scattered the ashes of his pipe over the rag-carpet on the floor. Phoebe, too, contrived to drop her spectacles while she was saying 'How do you do,' and it took at least three minutes to find them again.

At length, however, the surprise being over, the children removed their wraps, Jim re-filled his pipe, and Phoebe settled herself in her chair. But she was slowly revolving in her mind the question whether it would be best to offer her visitors a lunch of cookies or one of apples, when Jessie said:

'Phoebe, would't you like to have me read you a chapter or two?'

''Deed and I would miss, and I'd be that grateful that I couldn't express myself. My eyes, you see, are getting old, and Jim's not much better, and neither of us was ever much of a scholard.'

So Jessie read in her sweet, clear voice the chapters beloved in palace and in cottage, about the holy city New Jerusalem, and about the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal; about the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; about the place where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

'Dear me, dear me!' exclaimed Phoebe, it seems almost like being there, doesn't it? Now I'll have something to think of to-night if I lie awake with the rheumatism.'

'We're going to sing to you, too,' was Tommy's rejoinder.

Then he and Jessie sang 'It's coming, coming nearer, that lovely land unseen,' and 'O, think of the home over there,' and Phoebe's favorite:

'In the far better land of glory and light
The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
The harpers are harping and all the bright train
Sing the song of redemption, the Lamb that was slain.'

Jim wiped his eyes as they finished. He and Phoebe had once had a little boy and girl, but both had long, long been in the 'better land.' Yet though he wept it was in gladness, for the reading and singing had seemed to open a window through which he might look into the streets of the heavenly city.

Thus Tommy and Jessie had brought sunshine to the cottage on that rainy Sunday afternoon. They had given the cup of cold water—surely they had their reward.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Reporter's Unfinished Story

(Sam E. Conner, in the Lewiston (Me.) 'Journal.')

Jack Cartwright had not always been the star reporter of the 'Courier,' but his whole newspaper life had been connected with it. So far as he was concerned there was but one paper worthy the name, and that was the 'Courier.' Not that it was strange, for Jack started by selling the paper and had worked his way up. He was a bright young fellow of five and twenty years, who had the natural nose for news and the love of the business, which is so necessary to the successful reporter.

From printer's devil to the managing editor there wasn't a man or boy on the paper who didn't know and like Jack; neither was there one who didn't know his life's story.

It wasn't long, this history of Cartwright's life, but 'twas mighty interesting.

At the age of eighteen he was a live, hustling newsboy, selling more 'Couriers' than any other boy on the street. By his quick wit and bright ideas he had attracted the attention of Preston, city editor, and one day Jack gave him a yarn, which proved to be the story of the day. Not a fact which Jack turned over to Preston was wrong, nor was one which was essential to the making of the story omitted, two of the characteristics which had clung to Jack throughout his entire career. That story was the turning point in Jack's life. Preston took him from the street and made him a reporter. Made him write his stories, too. Jack was his hobby. To make him a thorough newspaper man was his ambition, and he succeeded. That was a little more than five years prior to the time of the incident of which this is a narration. Then the boy was the cub, now he was the star man—the man who when there was a difficult piece of work to be done was called up to the 'old man's' desk, given a few words of instruction, and with a smiling 'all right, sir,' went out.

No one in the office, not even those who were inclined to be jealous of his success, could remember the time when he had failed. He always came back with the story or positive proof that there was nothing in it.

While, perhaps, he lacked the polished finish in his 'style' which marked the work of Sheepscot, who wrote long dissertations on music and the drama, and said pretty, polite things about the society dances, the women's clubs and the conferences of the religious bodies, or the fantastic quirks of Skeaton, who concocted all kinds of odd and interesting bear stories and enjoyable homilies about birds and plants and crops; but it had a twist which was all its own; a way of telling the story which left no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the impression which the writer wished to convey.

In short, Jack did things which the others wanted to, but couldn't.

The politics of the city were as an open book to him, likewise the secrets of the police.

He was an orphan, and there was but one person and one object for which he had any love; they were Preston, whom he regarded like a father, and the 'Courier,' which was the one great journal of the world, to his eye. To say aught derogatory to either in his presence was to have a fight on in an instant. As he had the reputation of being the cleverest boxer in the city and the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of the newsboy alley, it can be assumed that those persons who desired to criticize either took good care to do it elsewhere than in his presence.

But the boy, for that was all he was, had a habit which caused all to worry for him, and was the reason of many days' loss of sleep on the part of Preston, for it caused him more trouble than any other. Every moment not devoted to the 'Courier' was put to the task of devising some way of saving the lad.

It was not the liquor habit, for that could have been left off by a man of Jack's will power. It was worse. It was cigarettes.

The drug in them had a hold upon the boy which he could not shake off. He could do nothing without them. Before breakfast he must have one, and the last thing before bed a cigarette must be smoked. It was not a matter of a dozen a day with him, but of scores, for he used from sixty to a hundred of the deadly little tubes each day.

From a red-faced, healthy young man he became shrunken in face and form, while his cheeks took on an unhealthy pallor and he had the cough which so many who had before him had had.

Remonstrance was of no avail. He would listen to you respectfully enough, and then turn away, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, and say:

'Oh, pshaw! you're mistaken; they're not hurting me. Why, man alive, I can quit them any time I wish.'

But he knew better than this. He knew that they were his masters and that he never could leave them alone. That he tried, every man in the city room knew, as they did that each trial failed him. Preston talked to him long and frequently, but with the same results, only that Jack would promise him to stop using them, but would always fail to keep the promise. Not that he didn't try, for he did, and he felt worse over the failure than did any one else, for it was the only thing in which he ever broke a promise.

But the end came at last. Came in a way which was unexpected and startling. A suicide, mysterious and sensational, had occurred in a fashionable boarding house, and Jack was sent to 'cover' it, as usual. In due time he came back and sat down to his desk and began writing. For fifteen minutes the rattle of his typewriter was incessant, while his head was wreathed in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Then the click of the machine ceased. Jack called sharply to an office boy; gave him some money, and said:

'Go, get me some cigarettes, and be lively; I can't write a line without something to smoke; my nerves are all unstrung.'

When the cigarettes had been given him he lighted one and began afresh on the story. How he worked! The way he turned out the sheets of copy was astonishing. Outside the copy readers and Preston no one minded him, all being too intent on their work.

In the rush hours of the night on a morning paper no one has much time to watch and see how fast or slow progress some one else is making. Each one has his own particular task to do and that requires all the attention possible. It was so in the city room of the 'Courier,' and so no one thought of Jack after that one brief pause. Even Preston only thought of him as he saw the sheets of copy which the boy brought up to the reader's desk and saw them rushed to the composing room to be put into type, for this story was to be the feature of the morning. Once or twice he glanced toward the boy, but for the most part his time was occupied in giving directions to others. Jack needed none.

Skeaton came up and was telling Preston about the facts in the case of the man who had tortured a dog to death and had received instructions to make it a column and turn, when the office boy rushed up. His face was blanched and his whole body shook as though he suffered with the ague.

'Mr. Preston,' said he, 'somethin's the matter with Jack.'

One look, and the statement was confirmed. The boy was bent forward over his machine. Without a word Preston rushed to the side of his ward. In Jack's lips was a half-consumed cigarette and the paper on the typewriter had been half covered with words. Cartwright had smoked his last cigarette and written his last story.

True Heroism: A Talk With the Boys.

(The last magazine article written by G. A. Henty.)

There is hardly a boy who does not in his heart of hearts wish that he could be a hero, and not a few girls have sighed at the real thought that they possess even less chance than their brothers of proving that they, too, were opportunity given, could show themselves capable of doing great deeds. It may be admitted at once that to only a small proportion of boys, and to a very small proportion indeed of girls, is it given to gain fame in the world. But there are vast numbers of both, and perhaps more girls than boys, who possess the true spirit of heroism. Remember Longfellow's noble words:

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

Believe that this is so, boys; remember that each of you has it in his power to influence others for good or evil, to leave a track behind you that will act as a guide to others to firm ground or to a quagmire in which they may be overwhelmed.

Heroism Means Truthfulness.

True heroism consists in doing what is right, come what may. In war, this may mean giving your life for another; in peace, it often means sacrificing money, honor, position, for what is honest and right. The first qualification toward heroism is absolute truthfulness. Come what may, be the consequences light or serious, a true hero boy or girl will never tell a lie. Lying is the mother of cunning, of meanness, and most other vices. Every boy and girl should feel in his or her own heart that a lie is the most contemptible, the most cowardly sin that they can commit; and of all forms of lying, the worst is the cowardly one of lying to escape punishment. If a boy does wrong—and the best of us may get into mischief or do wrong at times—it may be that the whole course of life will be influenced by the answer he gives when questioned concerning it.

The coward will lie to screen himself; but the boy who has a shadow of heroic feeling about him will boldly confess to his share in the affair and take his punishment. Then he can look the world in the face again; he has paid the penalty, he has no need to be ashamed of himself, while those who have lied are regarded with contempt by their fellows, and suffer a lasting feeling of shame and fear on their own part that the truth may come to light some time or other. I consider, of all virtues, absolute truthfulness stands first and forms the foundation of heroism.

And Unselfishness.

Next to truthfulness comes unselfishness. There is noble unselfishness in the soldier who will rush out from shelter and risk death in carrying in a wounded comrade. So equally, though in a less striking degree, is the unselfishness of the boy who will set aside his own pleasures for the sake of others. Everyone admires the girl who is content to stay at home to take the burden off the shoulders of a weakly mother, by aiding her willingly and cheerfully in her housework, and by relieving her

of the care of the little ones. And we admire equally the unselfishness of the boy who, instead of thinking of nothing but his games and amusements when he is once free from school, will, occasionally devote a half-holiday to the amusement of the little ones, who will repay him a hundredfold for the pleasure that he has given up, by their affection and love for him.

And Self-Sacrifice.

Truthfulness and usefulness go far to make up true heroes among boys and girls. As they grow up there are fresh opportunities of showing heroism. Comparatively few are able to choose the exact position in life that they fancy they would prefer. It is heroism to accept the life that falls to them, cheerfully and contentedly, making up their minds to do their best in that position to which it has pleased God to call them, striving earnestly and always to do their best to give satisfaction to their employers and to use their leisure hours sensibly and rationally. Undoubtedly there are as many real heroes among girls and women as among boys. Throughout life girls and women have to bear many burdens. How many true heroines are to be found among women! Patient, brave women, who hide their troubles from the world, make the best of things, and carry a cheerful face even when their hearts are breaking. These are the great heroines of life. They work and suffer in obscurity; no one honors them for their patience; their little deeds of kindness and self-sacrifice are done quietly, and no one supposes they are heroines. In sick rooms at home, in hospitals, in out-of-the-way slums, women are doing heroic work, and you boys should honor them for it. No comparison can be made between these heroines of private life and the men who perform heroic deeds in battle. One is done in the heat of the moment; it is laudable and praiseworthy, but it is to a certain extent the outcome of the virtue of a race. Soldiers have in them the blood of a hundred fighting ancestors. They have in them also the remnants of a time when all men fought for their lives, when their position was little beyond that of the beasts of the field.

To be a Hero you must be a True Christian.

It is in boyhood and girlhood that true heroism must be felt if it is ever to be attained in riper years. Boys are apt to make heroes of those who are strongest and most skilful in games, and to despise those who are unable from ill-health or constitutional weakness to bear their full share in any sports. They do not reflect that the skill and prowess of their champions are largely the result of good health and physique, and that the shrinking, delicate boy may be as true a hero as the captain of their football or cricket team.

Above all, perhaps they admire the boy who won't peach. I think that this kind of bravery is often carried to an excess. I consider that schoolmaster who insists that a boy who has bravely owned up to his own share in a piece of mischief should tell the names of his comrades, very much to blame. The boy has shown his readiness to take his full share in the punishment; he should not be asked for more, still less should he be punished for refusing to peach on his more cowardly associates. But certainly he ought not to bear the punishment due to them; and when the fault that has been committed is a disgraceful one, and the boy is asked if he knows who has committed it, I think that refusing to answer is not an act of heroism, and that he is more than justified in giving the name of the boy who has brought disgrace on the school. I know very well how strict is the code of honor among boys on such matters, but I think that when carried to an excess it is a mistaken one. Boys have the honor of their school at heart as much as their masters have, and it would be far more creditable to them to denounce a boy who had smirched that honor than to shield him.

To sum up, then, heroism is largely based upon two qualities—truthfulness and unselfishness, a readiness to put one's own pleasure aside for that of others, to be courteous to all, kind to those younger than yourself, helpful to your parents, even if that helpfulness demands some slight sacrifice of your own pleasure. You must remember that these two qualities are true signs of Christian heroism. If one is to be a true Christian, one must be a Christian hero.—'Churchman.'

The Restlessness of Old Age.

In mistaken kindness and unkind affection, we often oppress dear, aged people by our very care. They dislike supervision. The tender watchfulness which to us seems due to their physical feebleness, as well as a fit return for their care of us in earlier days, is by them resented as restraint. It annoys them. Then, too, we try to take all the work out of their hands, and that they do not like. Nobody, who has been active and useful, enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf.

Grandfather's step is uncertain, his arm less vigorous than of old, but he possesses a rich treasure of experience, and he likes to be consulted. It is his privilege to give advice; his privilege, too, at times to go into the field and work with the youngest, renewing his youth as he keeps bravely up with hearty men not half his age.

Grandmother does not want to be left out of the household work. When the days come for pickling and preserving, and the domestic force is pressed into the service, who so eager and full of interest as she? It is cruel to overrule her decisions, to put her aside because 'she will be tired.' Of course she will be tired, but she will enjoy the fatigue; and rest the sooner for the thought that she is still of use in the world.

Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall in the hands that long for it. Only let it be of their own choosing, and cease to order their ways for them as though they were children.

A hoary head at the fireside is a crown of glory to the house where it dwells. The blessing of the aged is as dew on the pastures, as the falling of sunlight in a shadowy place.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Why the Sky is Blue.

Did it ever strike you to inquire why the cloudless depths of sky above us are so delicately blue? It isn't that the gas we call air is in itself blue. So far as we know, it is quite transparent and absolutely colorless. No; the blue comes from reflected light.

Air is never pure; you couldn't live in it if it were. Countless millions of tiny particles, chiefly of water, are always suspended in it, and these arrest the free passage of light. Each particle has a double reflection—one internal, the other external—and so the reflected rays suffer the usual result of what is called 'interference,' and show color.

You will notice that the sky appears much bluer if you look straight up than if you look across towards the horizon. The reason is, that in the first instance, you are naturally looking through a much thinner layer of air than in the second. If there were no air, and consequently no watery vapor, and nothing to interfere with the free passage of light, even at midday the sky above would look perfectly black, and all the stars plainer than they do now at midnight.—American Paper.

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An Epoch-Marking Event—The Battle of the Yalu—The 'Sun,' New York.
Battle on the Yalu—Russians Badly Led—Japanese Staff Work Indicated Highest Military Merit.—Foreign Correspondence of New York 'Times.'
The Cause of Peace—Mr. Cremer and the Nobel Award—'Daily News,' London.
Pawns in the Great War Game—Charles Oliver, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Some Speeches at the Royal Academy Banquet—The 'Standard,' London.
Indian Army Reform—Lord Kitchener's Methods—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Problem of the Alien—The 'Pilot,' London.
The English Sunday—Explanation by the Primate—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

BB. vs. R. R.—A Rejoinder—By John o'London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Pencil and Camera—A Compromise—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
How to Judge Architecture—The Springfield 'Republican.'
My Last Talk with Vasili Verestchagin—James Baker, F. R. G. S., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Verestchagin and the Nihilists—The 'Westminster Gazette.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Anniversaries—Sonnet, by R. M. B., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
To F. M. G.—Poem, by Hesba D. Webb.
Admiral Makaroff—Poem, by Hugh Macnaghten, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
Man and the Heroes—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Napoleon of Notting Hill—Chesterton's New Book—The 'Standard,' London.
A Fiscal Novel with a Purpose—The Imperialist—English Papers.
Carlyle and Spencer—The Dundee 'Courier.'
Herbert Spencer's Autobiography—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Blackmore—Anecdotes of His Career, and Notes on the Exeter Memorial—The New York 'Tribune.'
Sir Philip Burne-Jones' Book, The Coming Race—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Curse of Too Easy Things—The Rev. Abram Wyman, Reprinted from the 'Christian Register.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Elizabeth at Oxford—'School,' a Monthly Educational Magazine, London.
Russia's Tangled Tongue—By Frederic Benzinger, in the New York 'Tribune Sunday Magazine.'
The Production of Helium—Sir W. Ramsey and Mr. Soddy Destribe Results of Investigations—The 'Standard,' London.
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Sidney's Adventure.

(By Sara Virginia Du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer').

She was only a wee maiden of three summers, but it was really surprising how much she knew and how wisely she could sometimes apply her knowledge. But when she heard them talking about a summer at the seashore, she did not say anything, but her busy little head was in a whirl of plans. 'I'll start first,' she told herself, 'and when they come they will find me there.'

She gathered about her the dolls she loved most, and talked to them in a very grown up fashion: 'You, Dorothy, cannot go,' she said. 'Your dress is not clean, and one arm is loose in its socket. Now, don't be grum and ugly about it, you can have a very pleasant time at home, if you will only think so. I heard Mamma tell Tom so.'

'Georgie is going to stay home with you,' she added a moment later.

'Now, dear Georgie, don't cry, little folks cannot always have their own way, it wouldn't be good for them.'

'Yes, Marie must go, she has been looking pale all the spring, ever since she had the mumps. Poor Marie, what a dreadful looking sight she was. Dorothy, you must lend her your knit shawl, and Georgie, we shall need that little hat of yours. You know Marie never had as many clothes as the rest of you. I shall take May along for company, she needs change of air; since the sun melted the wax from her nose she has looked miserable. Now, don't let me hear any complaining, I should like to take you all, but how could I do it?'

It did not take this wee maiden very long to get ready. She took the little straw hat with blue ribbon from the hall rack, threw her golf cape about her shoulders, not because she really needed it, she told herself, but then it might be cold before she reached home. Then she gathered up the two favored dolls and started out of the front door.

Whatever cook could have been about, we do not know; usually she kept track of the tiny footsteps, a labor of love that caused her great enjoyment. And mother, busy in the sewing-room, thought the household pet was below, and industriously continued her task, with no thought of what was taking place below.

'Is Sidney with you, ma'am?' It was the cook calling up the back stairway.

'Why, no, Nancy, she has not been here for an hour or more.'

'Nor has she been with me, ma'am, and I found the front door standing ajar.'

It would not be an easy thing to picture the consternation which followed.

'Oh, Nancy, she has taken her cape and hat, where can she be?'

'As likely as not she's off for the seashore, ma'am, she heard you talking it over at the breakfast table.'

'Nancy, how dreadful! Call Ned, we must go find her.'

'It's my opinion the dog's with her, since I can't find him either.'

'You go out towards Main street, and I'll cross the railroad tracks at Nicetown. And, Nancy, tell every policeman you see; she must be found.'

Little Sidney, upon starting out, took with her an additional member of the family for which she had not bargained. Ned lifted his shaggy head upon seeing her don her street apparel, and if he could have spoken, he probably would have said something possibly like this: 'You ought not to go out alone, but if you must go, I mean to go with you.'

At any rate, when Sidney reached the street, Ned was there before her, and if any one had been watching the pair, they would have seen that at every crossing, or wherever there seemed to be any danger implied, Ned took a corner of Sidney's dress in his mouth, and crowded closer to her side. It was thus that he escorted her over the trolley tracks, and the network of railway tracks at Nicetown station.

It is difficult to say how the adventure might have ended, had not Sidney's mother overtaken them here, and with tears and laughter, clasped the wee maiden to her heart.

'Oh, my dearest one,' she cried, 'did you not know that this was very very wrong?'

The blue eyes filled with tears.

'I was only going there first, and surprise you, mamma,' she said.

'Well, you certainly have surprised me, dear, but must never, never do it again.'

Rollo and Dobbin.

Rollo is a fine big dog, with long glossy hair, and father says he is a good one to look after the sheep. I am not a bit afraid of Rollo, and we used to have nice games together when father did not want him.

A week ago my cousins came from London, and they brought me a nice wooden horse. I call him Dobbin. But sometimes, when I am playing with him, Rollo will come up and look at me as if he would like to say, 'How can you play with that wooden thing when you have me to play with?' And after all I love Rollo best, because he is alive, you know.

Muff.

Mamma had been telling a bedtime story of a wonderful fairy; and, when she had told it twice, Dwight said, "Now, mamma, tell us a 'truly story.'" "'Es, a 'truly 'tory.'" echoed little Margaret.

"Well," said mamma, "I will tell you a true story—a story that my grandma told me when I was a little girl.

'When grandma was a little girl about nine years old her father died, and her mother took grandma and grandma's twin brothers, Rupert and Robert, and went to live with her father, the children's grandfather.

'They lived in Kentucky. Only a few people lived in the part of the country in which they lived and there were wild animals and Indians in the woods. The Indians were friendly and never tried to harm the settlers, but grandma and her little brothers were always afraid and ran to the house if they saw an Indian coming.

'One day, when it was chilly out-of-doors and the children were playing near the great fire-place inside, they heard their grandpa calling and they ran out quickly to see what he wanted.

'What was their surprise when he lifted from his waggon a very little bear. The poor little fellow had been caught in a fox-trap that grandpa had set in the woods. He was so little to be out alone that grandpa thought that his mother must have died or been killed. Grandpa carried him into the house and a warm bed was made for him in a corner near the fire. Grandma's mamma made a bowl of sweet gruel for him and he seemed very hungry. When he finished the gruel he curled up and went to sleep. The children sat on a low bench watching him. Presently Rupert said, 'He looks like a muff.' That gave the little bear his name. He soon became very fond of the children and they lost all fear of him. They had a little collar for him and led him about by a little chain. Their grandpa taught him many little tricks.

"The house in which they lived was built of logs; and, though it was large, it had only two rooms—a large room that was used as a living-room and a smaller room that was the sleeping room. This was their first house; afterward a great house was built. One day a minister came to preach at the house of a neighbor, and the children and their mamma went with grandpa and grandma to 'meeting.' Little Muff was left in the house all by himself. He must have been lonely, for he began to look about for some amusement. He first tried the cupboard and pulled open the door; he upset a pan of milk. Splash came the milk and wet little Muff's brown furry coat. You would think that this was enough to make him want to be a good bear, but it was not. Soon he found the large jars of maple sugar. The nice sweet smell came to him and he wished for maple sugar more than for anything else. He soon found the covers would come off and soon he had them off. He must have acted very greedy, for he got his damp coat covered with the sugar. When Muff had his fill of sugar, he looked about for a place to take a nap. What place could be nicer than grandma's mamma's big white bed! It was a very big bed and had four high posts at each corner, and over this was a flowered canopy. Into the middle of this great bed scrambled Muff and curled himself up for a nap, and there they found him. Of course, such a naughty little bear had to be punished. So after that he had to stay in the woodhouse. One day grandma took his bowl of sweet gruel to him; and soon her mamma heard her give a frightened little cry and she ran out to see what was the matter. Muff had put his big arms around grandma and was giving her a hug, which she did not in the least like.

"Soon after this something very sad happened to Muff. He had by this time got to be a good-sized bear, and one day he broke his chain and wandered away. A neighbor saw him and, not knowing that he was a pet bear, shot him.

"When he saw his collar, he knew that he belonged to the children who lived in the house in the woods, and he carried him to them.

"They mourned for Muff. Grandpa took off Muff's furry coat; and, when it was tanned, the children spread it before the great fire and they would sit on it and tell stories of Muff."

"That was a good 'truly story,' mamma; but I want to be undressed and hear about the sleepy-man, mamma," said Dwight.

Margaret rubbed her eyes with each chubby little hand and said: "Es, mamma, I wants the 'teepy-man.'"—'Christian Work.'

Somebody Else.

Who is Somebody Else? I should
like to know.
Does he live at North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see,
Whose name is in everyone's
mouth?
For Meg says, 'Somebody Else
will sing,"
Or "Somebody Else can play";
And Jack says, "Please let Some-
body Else
Do some of the errands to-day."

If there's any hard or unpleasant
task,
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody
Else.
Now isn't this very true?
But if some fruit or a pleasant trip
Is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word about Some-
body Else.
Why? I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger
lad
This Somebody Else will speak;
And the poor and helpless who
need a friend
Good Somebody Else must seek;
The cup of cold water in Jesu's
Name,
Oh! Somebody Else will offer;
And words of love for a broken
heart
Brave Somebody Else will prof-
fer.

There are battles in life we only
can fight,
And victories too to win,
And Somebody Else cannot take
our place,
When we have entered in;
But if Somebody Else has done his
work,
While we for our ease have
striven,
'Twill be only fair if the blessed
reward
To Somebody Else is given.

—'Union Signal Herald.'

LESSON XL—JUNE 12.

Christ Crucified.

Mark xv., 22-39.

Golden Text.

'Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. I. Corinthians xv., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 6.—Mark xv., 22-39.
Tuesday, June 7.—Is. liii., 1-12.
Wednesday, June 8.—Ps. xxii., 1-15.
Thursday, June 9.—Ps. xxii., 16-31.
Friday, June 10.—Luke xxiii., 33-43.
Saturday, June 11.—Matt. xxvii., 50-56.
Sunday, June 12.—Matt. xxvii., 57-66.

22. And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull.

23. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not.

24. And when they had crucified him, they parting his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take.

25. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

26. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

27. And with him they crucify two thieves; the one on his right hand, and the other on his left.

28. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors.

29. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah! thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days,

30. Save thyself, and come down from the cross.

31. Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save.

32. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him.

33. And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour.

34. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

35. And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias.

36. And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

37. And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.

38. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom.

39. And when the centurion which stood over against him, saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We still follow Mark, in this lesson on the crucifixion, as last week we had his account of Christ's trial before Pilate. But Mark omits some things, as, for example, the account of the penitent thief, hence the records in all four Gospels should be read. The passages are: Matthew xxvii., 31-66; Mark xv., 21-47; Luke xxiii., 26-56; John xix., 16-42.

Immediately after the death sentence by Pilate, he became the victim of preliminary torture and insult on the part of the brutal soldiery. It appears to have been the custom for the soldiers to amuse themselves by making sport of a condemned criminal before putting him to death, and so Christ became the victim of this barbarous practice. We must not lose sight of the fact that the Lord's actual physical agony began hours before he reached Golgotha. Remember the terrible scourgings with the Roman whips of several lashes, and these sometimes loaded, also the crown of thorns, the blows, and with all this the fact that Christ had not had sleep or rest for more than twenty-four hours.

After the mockery, they led Christ away, bearing his own cross, to Calvary. He was evidently too weak to carry it far, and a passerby, Simon of Cyrene, was compelled to carry it.

The time of the lesson was Friday, April 7.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 22-25. 'And they bring him unto the place Golgotha.' In taking up this lesson, we are considering the world's greatest tragedy, its murder of the Son of God. Most of us read and hear of this deed so often that it is apt to lose its solemnity, hence its fresh study should be preceded by prayerful meditation upon the meaning of this stupendous event.

The exact location of Golgotha, 'the place of a skull,' is not certain, but it is thought to be the hill to the north of the city, which, seen from Olivet in the afternoon, resembles a human skull. The place would seem to be singularly appropriate for the deed.

When about to crucify Christ he was offered wine and myrrh. It is said to have been a charitable and merciful custom among the Jewish women to give those who were being crucified a drink of wine mixed with a drug that would tend to render them insensible to pain. This seems to have been the drink offered to Christ, but, after tasting it, he refused to drink it and therefore escape the bitter agony he was to endure for man. With sublime steadfastness and dignity, he refused to be relieved, while even yet he could not say, 'It is finished.'

His garments were divided among the soldiers. See the fuller account of this incident in John.

The crucifixion took place at the third hour, or about nine o'clock in the morning. Christ was nailed to a wooden cross that was then fixed upright in the ground. This form of execution was described by Cicero as 'the most cruel and shameful of all punishments.'

26. 'The King of the Jews.' It was customary to place a written notice upon a cross containing a condemned criminal, stating his crime. Now the real Jewish charge was blasphemy, but the Roman law did not recognize this, and besides, the Jews did not punish by crucifixion. So, in order to bring about Christ's death under the Roman law they charged him with treason to Rome, with claiming to be a king. So this is Pilate's superscription. It was in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, hence the probable reasons for the slight differences in the four Gospels. The wording probably varied slightly, with the different languages.

27-32. 'He saved others; himself he cannot save.' Even in the hours on the Cross, Christ's enemies were not content to drop their insults. He was crucified between two thieves. (See Luke's account.) Thereby the prophecy of Isaiah liii., 12, was fulfilled.

Those that passed jeered and mocked at Christ, referring to his own words. John ii., 19-21. They sneeringly asked him to prove his divinity, by saving himself.

The chief priests and scribes said among themselves, as though desirous of proving to the satisfacton of their consciences that here was a blasphemer, 'He saved others; himself he cannot save.' This was true, but not in the sense in which it was spoken. Christ could have saved himself from the cross, had he so willed; but by refusing death he could not have become the Redeemer of men, so that to save others, he could not save himself.

If he would only come down from the cross they would see and believe, but they were blind to the fact that his thus refusing death, would prevent him from being the Saviour, and would make their faith useless.

Mark says that the two thieves also reviled him. Mark does not take up the case of the thieves fully, and so omits the repentance of the one thief. Christ and the thieves hung on the crosses for several hours, and while both may have reviled him at first, there was ample time for them to change their attitude and repent. One of them actually did so.

33-36. 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' At the sixth hour, or about noon, it grew dark. It has been shown that this could not have been an eclipse of the sun, hence it was not an ordinary natural event, but one connected directly with the death of Christ. Nature seemed, as it were, to be smitten with darkness when the Son of God was on the cross.

'Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.'

The bitterness of death was not relaxed for Christ; he was to drain the cup to its dregs. The terrors of death took hold upon him. 'But the darkness,' says one writer, 'was only a faint type of the shadow that was on the soul of the Crucified One. Every moment it grew darker and darker, until by and by the very face of his Father was shut out, and in the language of his childhood—which seemed a strange tongue to those around—he cried: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"' Misunderstanding some thought Christ called Elias, that is Elijah.

Read in this connection Psalm xxii.

John tells us that Jesus said, 'I thirst,' knowing that all things were finished for the fulfilment of Scripture. So a sponge full of vinegar, or sour wine, was raised to his lips.

37-39. 'Truly this man was the Son of God.' When the sponge was raised to Christ's lips the end was not far away. Matthew and Mark record simply that, after receiving the vinegar, Jesus uttered a loud voice and died. John tells us that he said further 'It is finished,' while Luke would seem to show that the very last utterance of Christ before his head bowed in death was, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

The accounts are not contradictory, but the different evangelists have reported words uttered at different times during the crucifixion. In all there are seven distinct sayings, or words, reported in the four Gospels, as falling from the lips of the Saviour as he hung on the cross. Immediately after the last, he died.

'And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom.' This veil hung between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies. It was said to be sixty feet long, and thirty wide, and as thick as one's hand, being of beautiful and costly texture. Its rending signified that the old dispensation, with its ceremonies and symbols, was ended.

A mighty convulsion of Nature immediately followed. Many dead among the saints rose from their graves (see Matthew). The centurion, or army officer, who was watching the crucifixion, and others with him, when they had seen how Christ died and the profound disturbance of the elements, declared that this was the Son of God, and were filled with fear.

Even in this dreadful hour could men be brought to believe and confess the divinity of Christ, and to praise God for him. His own nation had rejected him, and must now go on to its punishment and dispersion, but already even in the hour of his death, was his work of winning men to him from all the world begun.

The lesson for June 19 is, 'Christ Risen,' Matthew xxviii., 1-15.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 12.—Topic—What I must do to become Christ's disciple. Matt. xvi., 24-26; John xiii., 33-35.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A BAD BARGAIN.

Monday, June 6.—Eating and drinking. Eccl. viii., 15.

Tuesday, June 7.—A foolish rich man. Luke xii., 16-21.

Wednesday, June 8.—A king's bad bargain. I. Kings xxi., 1-16.

Thursday, June 9.—Brothers who bargained. Gen. xxxvii., 26-36.

Friday, June 10.—Esau's bargain. Heb. xii., 16.

Saturday, June 11.—Death of Abraham. Gen. xxv., 7-11.

Sunday, June 12.—Topic—A story of a bad bargain. Gen. xxv., 27-34; Phil. iv., 8.

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Temperance

Blot Out this Curse.

What is the chief law-breaker of the land?

The saloon.

Where are the schemes hatched out which promote the most dastardly forms of civic corruption?

In the saloon.

Where does the midnight assassin go to nerve himself for his murderous mission?

To the saloon.

Where do the police go in search of the skulking thief and murderer?

To the saloon.

What institution is hand by the brothel and the gambling hall?

The saloon.

What lays its hands upon political parties and dictates who shall be nominated and elected to office?

The saloon.

What impoverishes the American workingman and fills him with the spirit of discontent?

The saloon.

What takes bread from the mouths of starving children?

The saloon.

What clothes with rags refined women who once lived in affluence?

The saloon.

What despoils young manhood and sends it reeling and cursing down the street?

The saloon.

What crowds our prisons to their utmost limit?

The saloon.

What peoples our madhouses with pitiable victims?

The saloon.

What drags from its throne of respectability and influence our best manhood, and, smiting it with unspeakable physical, mental, and moral deformities, sends it, despairing, over the precipice into the horrors of an eternal doom?

The saloon.

What is the arch-despoiler of the home and the fruitful source of domestic infelicity?

The saloon.

What is the eternal enemy of the church of Jesus Christ and the chief impediment to every moral reform?

The saloon.

Should this institution be allowed to live? Should it be authorized and protected by law? Should the good citizenship of the republic not arise, and, as one man, abate the awful, blighting curse? Should not the whole damning business be pulverized and swept down into hell from which it came?

BLOT OUT THIS CURSE.—'Epworth Herald.'

The Honest Traveller.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening on the 'Greed of Gold,' and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine-looking, intelligent man about forty years old.

'Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?' he asked.

This was his story:

He was the travelling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveller on Sunday evening, and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that night a letter to the firm for which he was travelling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

'And,' said the manly man before he left the minister, 'last night I slept with a real sense of peace and security such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined—I shall starve before I sell another drop of liquor. God help me'

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of his church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

'I am in need of just such a man.'

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'—'The Religious Intelligencer.'

Cold Water Brings Prosperity

James Buchanan, at one time a British Consul for the United States, delivered an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstance:—

Several years ago a gentleman dined with him, who had risen by his own industry and integrity alone from humble life to a proud elevation in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine the following conversation ensued—

'Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?' asked the guest.

'Certainly,' replied the Consul.

'Then I'll take a glass of water.'

'Ah, indeed! And how long have you drunk cold water?'

'Ever since I was eleven years old.'

'Is it possible! And, pray, what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?'

'Seeing a person intoxicated.'

'Well,' continued the Consul, 'if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position.'

The Consul afterwards learned that the person he saw intoxicated was his father!

Alfred Cookman's Cigar.

The M.E. Church, says Mr. R. C. Morgan, in 'The Christian,' made it a condition that none of their ministers or missionaries should indulge in alcohol or tobacco, and that every member of the Church should be a pledged abstainer. No one can move among them without perceiving and feeling the benefit of the prohibition. In 1869 I heard Alfred Cookman say, at a camp meeting in America, that after he had become a preacher, he continued his cigar. He often felt the incongruity of speaking to inquirers, with the smell of the weed in his breath and in his clothes, and his conscience was often painfully exercised. One day, with the cigar in his lips, the Spirit once more renewed his convictions, and assured him that although he might be a man of average power and usefulness, yet he never could be used with the power of the Spirit which was promised to them that obey him. Mr. Cookman thought the cost of his idol too great, put it under his heel, and never smoked again. His remaining years of testimony were full of spiritual power, and he died saying the words preserved in the hymn, 'Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.'

The Rev. Joseph Cook on Temperance.

Suppose that I have here in one hand a goblet containing the white of an egg, and that I turn the egg out into the alcohol. What has science to say about moderate drinking? Just this, that if you drop the white of an egg into alcohol, very soon the albuminous substance is hardened by the action of the alcohol, and so hardened that if you could have put the egg in round it would have been fixed in that shape with such a degree of firmness as to permit you to roll the egg across this platform. All glue-like, or colloid substances, as your books say, are hardened by alcohol, because they contain a large percentage of water; and we know that alcohol is as thirsty for water as ever an inebriate is for alcohol. But the very latest investigation begins to speak in tones of great emphasis against moderate drinking, and this is the name of the natural effect of alcohol in hardening all the glue-like substances of the body.

The Reason Why.

The reason why cigarette smoking is more dangerous than other forms of the tobacco habit is not, probably, that the material used in the manufacture of cigarettes is more deleterious than that used in cigars and pipe tobacco. One reason is that the cigarette smoker usually smokes more than do the cigar smoker and the pipe smoker. It is so convenient—so easy—to light one of the little tubes and consume it. It can be enjoyed in places where and times when the cigar and pipe would be tabooed. Thus the craving for the cigarette becomes not intermittent, but perpetual, and the moderate cigarette smoker easily drifts into excess. Another reason is the habit of cigarette smokers to inhale the smoke—to fill their lungs with it. The effect of this practice on the lung tissues and upon the blood that comes there to be purified, cannot be other than deadly.—'Hamilton Herald.'

Can You Write a Temperance Essay?

Suppose you were to persuade a drunkard to become an abstainer, what would you say to him? Think, and then put your thoughts on paper, and you will be surprised at the excellence of your essay. Here is an extract from the essay of a boy who did this:—

'I abstain from alcoholic drinks, because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says, "abstain"; as a walker, Weston says "abstain"; as an oarsman, Hanlon says, "abstain"; as a swimmer, Webb says, "abstain"; as an orator, Bright says, "abstain"; as a missionary, Livingstone says, "abstain"; as a doctor, Clark says, "abstain"; as a preacher, Farrar says, "abstain." Asylums, prisons, and workhouses repeat the cry, "abstain!"' We have heard a long speech with less in it.—'League Journal.'

Every man, who signs and keeps the pledge, helps to promote teetotal legislation or to make it possible, and to form a healthy public opinion. When in any constituency a couple of thousand electors can tell the parliamentary candidate that he will lose their votes if he does not support—say—Sunday closing, their influence cannot be disregarded; whereas now, candidates tell me that if they support such a measure they gain ten votes and lose about one thousand.—Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi, of Wimbourne, England.

Build Day by Day.

Daily deed and daily thought
Slowly into habit wrought,
Raise that temple, base or fair,
Which men call our character.
Build it nobly, build it well;
In that temple God may dwell.

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Correspondence

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat; he will drink about four or five mugs of water a day. He hardly ever drinks water in the kitchen. He will even come late at night for a drink. The name of my cat is 'Star,' and the funniest thing in the morning is when 'Star' rushes upstairs for a drink.

ROSS G.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I am glad that spring is coming, so that I can go down to Minnehaha. They have nice picnic grounds and a great many animals. They have a pavilion too. Last year the falls were larger than they have been for fifteen years. Last summer our family and Alice R. C.'s family went out there for a picnic. They also have fine swings and ponies. My favorite authors are Alice Cary and Annie Fellows and Johnston. I have read all the Colonial books and am going to read all the Peppler books.

GRACE E.

Saltcoats, Assa.

Dear Editor,—We have a library in our school, and I have read a number of the books, and some of them are: 'Little Ben,' 'Hartz Boys,' 'Biography of a Grizzly,' 'Franciso Pizzaro,' 'Hiawatha Primer,' and others. The church is just back of our place, and we go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have also a library in our Sunday-school, and I have read some of the books in it. We had a very nice winter until Christmas and a little while after, but in February and March we had a great deal of snow.

I. MERLE D. (aged 9).

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—I go to a school that is only two blocks away. There is a little girl that lives just next door to me, and two little girls across the road, and one little boy. I have a lovely time, and I received a diploma at the school. My father is a doctor, and now I will have to close.

ELSIE McL. (aged 7).

Flamboro Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years, and could not be without it. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. For pets I have two bantams, which I call Jack and Jill. I go to school, and I am in the senior third book. I will be glad when the fine weather comes, for we have had such a long winter.

LILA G. H. (aged 9).

Eel River, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As most of the members begin their letters by saying they are a small girl or boy, I think I will go contrary, and say that I am a big girl. I am sorry that I cannot say that I have a dog and cat, as ours are claimed by my youngest brother, but still he will let me have a drive on the dog when he is yoked. Are you not all glad that spring has come at last? and with it many of the dear little birds. I love to stop on my way to school and try to tell the different birds by their songs. I like to go to school very much. I am very fond of reading and have read quite a number of books. I think that the story of 'Dalph and Her Charge' was fine. But I was sorry that Dalph died just when she could have had such a good time.

I am renewing my subscription to the 'Messenger' with this letter, and I must thank you very much for not stopping my paper when the subscription expired.

PRIMROSE (FLORA M.)

East Leicester, Cumberland Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am not a subscriber to the 'Messenger,' but a lady who is lends the papers to me after she has read them, and I like it very much. I see so many nice letters on the Correspondence Page, that I thought I would try and write one. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is in the summer, during vacation. I am in grade ten. I think the work is quite hard; but perhaps that is because I do not study hard enough. My favorite study is English. I like music very much. We have an organ. I have never taken any lessons, only one quarter from my sister. My pets are a dog and a cat. The dog's name is Fido. My brother-in-law sent him on from Taunton. He is a spaniel, brown and white. We have great romps together. Sometimes we run races; but he almost always beats me. The cat is gray and white. I have had her ever since she was a kitten. I have two nephews and three nieces. Best wishes to the 'Messenger' and all its readers.

'JEMIMA.'

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My sister Julia has taken it for five years, and this year she is taking the 'Witness.' I live on a farm, and we have seven lambs and three calves and two horses, and a lot of cattle. Our nearest town is Star, which is one mile from here. I have one grandpa and one grandma living. We had a letter from grandma which said that she was very sick. I have four sisters and two brothers, and two brothers and two sisters in heaven.

BARLOW W.

West Shefford, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on July 15. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the eldest. I went to school all the winter, but this spring I have been sick. I am in the fourth grade. We have lots of Mayflowers now. My cousin sends me the Messenger. I got it three years, and like it very much. I have one grandpa living. Good-bye.

GLADYS A.

East Leicester, Cumberland Co.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' As I did not see my last letter in print, I will write another to let you know I am still very fond of your paper. I think the stories in the 'Messenger' are very interesting. My mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and she can remember a little about the story of 'Daph.' I have two brothers and two sisters, but only two of them are going to school. I would like to correspond with any of the readers of the 'Messenger' that are about my own age. I was thirteen years old on Dec. 30.

'ROSY.'

New Town, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on June 12. I have one sister and one half-brother, and one half-sister dead. I would very much like to correspond with someone of my own age. I live on a farm, and I attend school very regularly. I haven't very far to go to the school. We hold the Sunday-school in our school-house, and on Wednesday evening we have Christian Endeavor, and we have singing school on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at Denver, about three miles from here.

ANNIE M. F.

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We all think the 'Messenger' a very nice paper. We have been reading the 'Messenger' for years. St. John is a city of about 42,500 people. It is the winter port of Canada. The steamers that run here are of many lines, such as Allan Line, C.P.R. Line, Manchester Line, Donaldson Line, Furness Line, Head Line, Pickford & Black Line, and other tramp steamers. The terminus of the I.C.R. is here, also the C.P.R. I would like to correspond with some boy of my own age in the Provinces of Manitoba or Ontario. I have three sisters, but no brothers. For pets I have a cat named Floss, and I am going to get a pup tomorrow or the next day. My sisters' names are Grace (aged 9), Lena (aged 7), and Dora (aged 2½). My uncle lives on a farm, and I go out there in the summer. Our yard is quite large, so we have lots of fun in it. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I live quite near the far-famed reversible falls at the mouth of the St. John River. The St. John River is one of the most beautiful rivers of America, and it is 450 miles in length. I have been on it many times, and think it very beautiful.

GEORGE GLEN E. (aged 12).

Neemuch, March 24, 1904.

Dear Editor,—A friend very kindly sends the 'Messenger' to me, asking that it be given to someone who may enjoy it. Not one, but 220, enjoy it in the C. P. Mission Girls' Orphanage at Neemuch, Central India. The teachers watch the weekly foreign mail for its coming. They are especially interested in 'Daph and Her Charge.' In your issue of February 12 we noticed the Royal League of Kindness, and after much prayer and thought the girls determined to become members. I enclose a card with the rules translated into Hindi and signed by one pupil from each class as representative of her class.

There are 208 girls and seven little boys in the Orphanage rescued from famine. Many of them are supported by friends in Canada. They are very pleased to be united in a common object with children in Canada—Kindness to others. Let me tell you of one little act of kindness they did.

The village of Doonglao-da is about twenty rods from the Home. The crops had just been gathered in, and were lying in great heaps round the village threshing-floors waiting to be trodden by the oxen. Some careless smoker, throwing a coal from his pipe, had ignited one of these heaps. Instantly a shriek arose from the villagers whose earthly all was in danger. An answering shout from the Orphanage brought the matron from the garden to see what was the matter. All able to lift anything had every pot, pan, pail and even bowl available and were standing in a line awaiting her order to march out. Down a flight of fifty-four steps into the big well they ran, filled their vessels, and crossed over to the fire. Back and forth they hurried till the fire was extinguished. The villagers were very grateful. They said over and over again, 'If the girls had not come, we should have lost all.' They were especially struck with the coolness and promptness of the children. It was only a little act of helpfulness done for Jesus' sake.

Yours in the Master's service,
K. CAMPBELL,
Missionary of Canadian Pres. Mission.

To speak kindly to others.	दया की बात बोलना औरों के विषय में।
To think kind thoughts.	दया से सोच करना
To do kind deeds.	दया के काम करना
(Signed),	
Gauriya.	गौरिया
Dhapu.	धापू
Malan.	मालन
Bhuri.	भूरी
Gulabi.	गुलाबी
Kesri.	केसरी
Mori.	मोड़ी:
Piyari.	प्यारी
Little Bhuri.	भूरी छोटी

HOUSEHOLD.

Quiet Home Evenings.

The husband needs the companionship of his wife, and a wife makes a great mistake when she does not so arrange her household and so plan for the little children that she can, as a rule, appear rested, bright and genial as the day draws to a close and the tired husband turns his steps homeward. To accomplish this much executive ability is necessary. The babies from their earliest year should be trained to go to sleep in well-aired, quiet rooms instead of being rocked or walked with or tossed about half the evening, to their own injury and to the discomfort of the household. Perfect regularity as to time of eating and sleeping and reposeful mothers work like magic with the little folks, and lessen to a great degree the care and worry of the mother or nurse.

We once met at a summer hotel a sweet young mother, whose entire days and nights were given to the care of the first baby, who was a weak and sickly child, and a poor sleeper. The devoted mother was unconsciously doing all possible to make the child nervous and sickly. She walked with him every morning and again every night for one or two hours to get him to sleep, or to speak more correctly, to keep him awake. She put him on her shoulder, she sang lively songs, she told him little stories, she tossed him up and down, she grew irritated and scolded and he grew irritated and more wakeful. His little bare legs dangled or twitched nervously continually, and he seemed most uncomfortable. After an hour or more of this treatment the child, utterly exhausted, would fall asleep, but his nerves were so worn he would twitch in his crib and awake often during the night, crying to be put through this same process again by the patient father or mother. Consequently his digestion was impaired and his strength was waning.

We asked the privilege one evening of relieving the mother and getting the baby to sleep. 'You go down to the parlor with your husband and let me take your place,' we said. The mother with reluctance consented. Smilingly, she said, as she left the room: 'You will soon get tired of your undertaking and call for me.'

With warm water we bathed soothingly the little fellow's hands and feet, talking to him calmly and pleasantly meanwhile. Next we wrapped a large square of light flannel pretty closely about him, folding his little hands together on his breast, and, in a low voice, with reposeful manner, we sang or crooned a slow, monotonous tune. The little fellow whimpered for a few moments—we sang on in the same composed manner. He tried to disengage his hands; we pressed them gently and still sang on in an undisturbed manner. He cried again for a moment, then succumbed. His little chin dropped, his eyes closed peacefully; the new treatment seemed grateful to him, and in five minutes he was sound asleep. We laid him on his side in the crib and went down to the parlor. Both mother and father were amazed.

'You must have a magic charm,' the mother said, 'and I must learn it.'

The next night, unobserved by the child, she watched the process. There was no whimpering, no struggle whatever. The baby really seemed grateful for his reposeful environment. In five minutes again he was asleep.

From that time the mother had no trouble with him; he slept all night; he began to eat well and to digest his food, and mother and father ate and digested theirs better than they had done for weeks. Their evenings became restful, their nights peaceful. They had learned that mothers and fathers must be reposeful themselves or they cannot beget repose in their children.

We well remember the advice given to a young mother by a lady who had brought up eight children, and whose home was a model one for regularity in all its work, and for comfort, and peace, and enjoyment. She said: 'I determined when my first baby came (and I have carried out that determination with all my children), that my evenings, after the early bed time for them, should be planned for my husband. So between the hours of five and six o'clock I have taken the trouble to regulate the household, to see that the tired little folks were well cared for, to look after the attractiveness of my dinner table, and to appear well dressed and cheerful and at ease when my husband came in. I was often obliged to retire to the nursery for a half hour after dinner, but the evenings we have enjoyed at home, or with our friends, or at church, or at some entertainment, in whatever way we desired, for all these twenty years.'

That woman had acquired the art of being a true wife, and she possessed a just idea of proportion in the time she devoted to husband, children, the household and outside duties and pleasures. The children never for a moment drove the thought of her husband out of her mind. He was always first. In like manner, the mother was first with him. She was the centre, the inspiration of the household. On every matter concerning home and children and their life generally there was freedom of consultation and perfect unity. The baneful plan of running the house entirely for the children never prevailed there.

A New Use for Old Pictures.

(Edward H. Chandler, in 'Congregationalist.')

One suggestion for the profitable use of old missionary magazines is offered as the result of an interesting experience.

It occurred to the father of an active little girl that her interest in missionary work might be developed by the construction of a missionary scrap-book. So he suggested to her one day that she amuse herself by cutting out of this file of old magazines such pictures of the people and the scenes of foreign countries as most interested her. A suitable scrap-book was procured. The pictures were arranged according to their subjects.

From week to week the collection has steadily grown, and the youthful maker of it has learned to recognize with interest the different national costumes and characteristic scenes, although unable to read the printed titles of the pictures. Occasionally there is a portrait inserted of some prominent missionary worker, whose face and name soon become familiar. Some pictures suggest stories of dramatic or humorous scenes which the father tells as the picture is pasted into the book. Some of the pictures deal with religious habits and customs, and reveal the contrast between the practices of foreign peoples and the ideals of Christianity. It is not essential that there should be long descriptions or missionary lectures in connection with the making of this scrap-book, for the pictures tell their own story. The discarded magazines have really become useful, and a young child has developed easily and naturally a considerable interest in the missionary idea and the need for the spread of Christianity.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 87,047, George A. Daigneault, Marieville, Que., washing machine; 87,058, Alphonse Poirier, Normandin, Lake St. John, Que., clover hulling machine; 87,062, Richard Michell, East Selkirk, Man., potato seeder; 87,063, George Makinson, Brigus, Nfld., heating device; 87,104, David G. Buchanan, Montreal, Que., advertising device; 87,133, Patrick Kenehan, Montreal, Que., waggon attachment; 87,136, Richard H. Rusden, Rossland, B.C., miner's candlesticks; 87,162, Arthur E. Vance, Forest, Ont., fastening device; 87,187, Eugene E. C. Nautre, Montreal, Quebec., suspender; 87,212, Stanislas M. Barre, Winnipeg, Man., milk heater and cooler; 87,215, Frederick S. McKay, Sherbrooke, Que., clothes drier; 87,276, Elzear Michaud, Montreal South, Que., improvements in beds; 87,319, Paul d'Aigneaux, Montreal, Que., chemical process and compound.

Selected Recipes.

White Fruit Cake.—Rub one cup of butter and one cup of sugar to a cream. Take a pound of figs, one pound of dates, one pound of raisins, three-fourths of a pound of citron and a pound of almonds, chop each separately and rather coarsely, then mix them all together lightly with the fingers. Measure two and one-half cups of flour and sift some of it over the fruit. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder to the remainder and again sift the flour; then add it to the butter and sugar and stir in the fruit and lastly fold in the whites of seven eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the batter into two medium-sized loaf tins and bake in moderate oven for one and one-half hours.

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